

The Carmel Pine Cone

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Shanty-Town Threatens Carmel Environs

By Hal Garrott

A motor trip just completed embracing the entire length of the California coast line, has opened my eyes to the very real danger Carmel is facing—the danger of losing the natural beauty of its surroundings to a shanty-town of hot dog stands, drink shacks, filling stations and motor inns.

Everywhere the approaches to California cities are spotted with shacks, road signs, and sordid ugliness comparable to the slums of a great city. Thus far Carmel has escaped such defacement because the village lies at the end of the road, and has no through traffic to serve.

But we will not occupy this advantageous position when the San

Simeon Road is opened. Then shanty-town will raise its head. And once raised, it will be impossible to keep it from growing. It is possible some attractive buildings may be set up at first to mollify local sentiment. But sooner or later Carmel must go the way of all the rest of California—unless we ward off this danger now by effective action. Some such zoning ordinance as now protects Carmel Point would provide the necessary protection.

Carmel Wins First Offensive In War To Ban Commercialized Area

Carmel, otherwise quiet and demure, showed its true fighting mood Tuesday when it dropped a barrage of high explosives into the county court house at Salinas that had the immediate effect of shattering the existing prospect of

auto camps, hot dog and fruit stands on territory surrounding the village.

While the war against the invasion of a commercialized enemy on land adjacent to Hatton Fields has not been won, the first offen-

sive was decidedly in favor of Carmel. And the chances are that the one hundred aroused Carmel residents who attended the Salinas hearing will not evacuate the stand they have taken until the protection they have asked has been assured them by the Monterey county planning commission.

The battle took place before the Monterey county planning commission with the maps of warfare a tentative zoning ordinance

Carmel's Catty Cat Causes Cain Corrupting Celestial Cloister

If it had been a pink elephant, the navy department would have never worried about it; they know what to do with pink elephants.

But it was Ming Ming (Chinese for beloved) who caused gray hairs in the staff of naval officers at Mare Island last week. Ming Ming is the feminine wonder in the Karl Ohnesorg household.

Dr. and Mrs. Ohnesorg spent several days at the naval yards as guests of Admiral and Mrs. Reeves. Ming Ming could not be left behind, so she came along too.

But Ming Ming knows the way of a masculine heart and she fled from the Admiral's home. The Admiral, Dr. Ohnesorg, Captain Henry Odell and half the naval staff at Mare Island took after her.

But no Ming Ming. Mrs. Ohnesorg's light of love had vanished.

Admiral Reeves, however, knows equally well the ways of a feminine heart. He went into consultation with his staff, mapped out the plan of battle and then called on Julius, the rat-killer.

Julius is the navy yard's subterranean miracle worker. He not only annihilates rodents, but he traces them through the underground passages which they construct under the navy yard's homes. Julius' knowledge was employed by Admiral Reeves, but to no avail. Ming Ming was not hunting for rats.

In fact, she was not found until next day. She strolled leisurely into the Admiral's house, gave her whisker's a twist and curled in front of the hearth.

Where had she been? Mrs. Ohnesorg didn't ask. You see, Ming Ming is over the age of consent.

Vacation In San Quentin May Be Reward For Carmel Burglars

Two soldiers of the Monterey presidio who had aspirations to control the peninsula's underworld, found themselves today taking a post graduate course in the art of burglary as guests of Sheriff Carl H. Abbott in his fashionable Salinas lodging house.

The pair, Lloyd Eckhardt and Harold McClouth visited Carmel on Thursday night with advanced intentions of looking at more than the scenery. In fact they went to La Playa hotel where Walter Pilot, is an employee.

Eckhardt apparently knew Pilot and brought him out to the car where he engaged him in a social conversation. McClouth in the absence of Pilot, went through the latter's quarters and removed about everything that was not attached to the walls.

When Pilot completed his discourse with Eckhardt, he returned to his quarters, annexing the hotel. To his amazement, he found the room stripped of his belongings and looking shamefully naked.

Pilot telephoned to Chief of Police Gus Englund who went over the scene of the burglary with a fine comb. After several moments of sniffing, Gus questioned Pilot.

"Cherchez la femme," Gus informed him and then telephoned to Chief of Police Fred Moore in Monterey. Chief Moore dispatched his own force to a New Monterey dance hall where they rounded up the two soldiers and their girl companion.

The soldiers apparently were quite liberal with the stolen loot for their feminine friend was wearing a sweater belonging to Pilot. The woman was released but Eckhardt and McClouth were brought up on Monday before Police Judge George L. Wood.

The pair were held to answer to the superior court where they will be tried for the offense. Should they be found guilty, they will be given safe transportation to San Quentin penitentiary, probably in time to spend Christmas vacation there.

which would permit the establishment of auto camps and a community business center at the top of Ocean avenue, just outside the city limits.

Mayor John Catlin, white-haired veteran of many hostile conflicts, led the first advance when in short, crisp sentences he condemned the proposed zoning ordinance as a direct affront to the people of Carmel.

"Since the discussion first started," Catlin told the gathering, "I have attempted to place my hand on the pulse of Carmel. I have

found that not a single person to whom I have spoken, favors this plan of zoning. To commercialize one of the most scenic stretches of road in the state would be the preliminary step to destroy all that is beautiful."

Adolph Hanke, another of the staff officers fighting against the invasion, bitterly attacked the zoning plan.

"A business center at the entrance of Carmel would not only injure the village and all that it stands for," Hanke declared, "but it would be entirely unfair to the

merchants in Carmel. They would be paying city and county taxes while those outside the city limits would pay only the county tax. There is no more need for a business center outside Carmel, than there is for an undertaking parlor inside the village."

The evils caused by commercialism in other communities was pointed out by Hal Garrott.

"I have just returned from a trip through California, Oregon and the border of Mexico," Garrott said. "Every town we passed was filled with auto camps, hot dog and sandwich stands. You cannot possibly realize the relief of returning to Carmel and finding it free from this commercialized stain."

The views of a pioneer resident and a former city councilman were given by J. B. Dennis. He said,

"I have been a resident of Carmel for some 25 years. It will be the saddest day in the history of the village if we don't stop this commercialized tide that is seeking to float in through our front door."

Charles Berkey, from a banker's stand, firmly told the members of the planning commission that a zoning ordinance as proposed would be detrimental to the best interests of the village.

Councilwoman Clara Kellogg, David Ball, Eugene Watson, George Seideneck, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stephens, Mort Henderson, and half a dozen others all addressed the commission protesting against the zoning ordinance as it now stands.

Paul Flanders, president of the Carmel land company, whose request for the business center and auto camp has been the direct cause of the controversy, gave his views. He added:

"I have been in conference with many real estate agents in Carmel.

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Their attitude is like mine that the future development of Carmel will be toward Hatton Fields. We are not planning to put up an auto camp, but a Deluxe tourist hotel. Such a need, however, might not arise for another ten or fifteen years. But when there is that need, we want the right to construct it on our property."

Reeve Conover, county planning commission engineer, who drew up the zoning ordinance told the gathering in diplomatic terms that they were fortunate in getting such a protection as the tentative plan offered.

"You must realize that at the present time the property surrounding Carmel is entirely open and anything can be constructed on it," Conover said. "We drew up the proposed zoning ordinance in the hope of giving adequate protection to this territory."

As Conover finished, Hanke rose and said, "I think the sentiment of the entire city of Carmel can be simply summed up briefly. Please protect our property, please protect our residences."

Hanke's short sentence was greeted by tremendous applause and cheers from the gathering that reverberated throughout the courthouse and was heard in every department from the superior court to the janitor's quarters.

Any definite action on the question was postponed until December 27 when another hearing will be held in the courthouse.

New Monterey Group Hold First Birthday Party

The only peninsula business association that ever stuck together and worked together long enough to "get things done" celebrated its first birthday with a mammoth banquet and party at the Ocean View Hotel early this week. The organization is the Merchants Association of New Monterey.

The organization reviewed their accomplishments during the year, and expressed hope for even greater success during the year to come. Talks were given by peninsula leaders such as City Manager Dorton, E. B. Gross, E. H. Tickle, Carmel Martin, Elmer Zannetta, and A. B. Jacobsen, G. S. Curtis, and Wm. O'Donnell.

One of the highlights of the evening was the cutting of the mammoth birthday cake by City Manager Dorton. Seriously he arose to cut the mammoth cake, ardently he plied the knife . . . and just at the right moment he was handed an axe by Charlie Colburn, who, it seems, had inside information on the origin of the cake, being secretary of the Union Supply Company instead of a local bake shop. In fact the cake was made of wood.

Bill Sorensen, who supplies the power to the organization which Murray Vout has been known to ignite in his capacity of official spark plug, thanked the press of the peninsula for its publicity cooperation during the year.

All officers of the past year were re-elected to a new term at the session. They are: Charlie Colburn, President; T. A. Work, Jr., first Vice President; John Danna, Second Vice president; Jack Lloyd, Secretary; and Guy Nutter, treasurer.

Mrs. Leota M. Tucker Opens New Photo Studio

A new photographic studio at the corner of Monte Verde and

Ocean avenue has been opened by Mrs. Leota M. Tucker, formerly of the Tucker Studios, San Jose.

Mrs. Tucker who has been a resident in Carmel for more than a year, is devoting most of her time to making interesting home portraits. A large display of her work is now being exhibited at her new studio.

Mrs. Tucker for years operated one of the most successful photographic studios in San Jose and has a wide reputation for her portrait work.

Travel Costs Cut for Xmas Traffic

Expected to stimulate travel between California and many eastern states, low Christmas holiday excursion fares have been authorized by the Southern Pacific Company, according to announcement made here today.

The westbound holiday rates from cities in the east to California destinations are now in effect and will continue until December 22. These tickets have a return limit of January 25, permitting eastern residents to remain with relatives and friends in this state well after the holiday season, it was pointed out.

Eastbound, the Christmas rates will be in effect from California cities December 10 and December 16 to 22, inclusive, to many east-

ern destinations. Persons taking advantage of these fares to visit house guest of Miss Ida Jean former homes and friends living Hyde over the Thanksgiving holiday east of the Rockies will have until days. Both girls attend Dominican Convent and spend their summers in Carmel.

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"Streets of New York" To Be Repeated in Grove Tomorrow

Repeating "Streets of New York" this Saturday night in Pacific Grove at the high school auditorium, the Community Players make possible a theatre homecoming for several in the cast. Gordon Knoles, leading man, Bob Edgren, Jr., juvenile lead, and Noble Barter of the chorus, hail from that port.

The repeat at the Grove also serves to establish the Community Players as an all-Peninsula dramatic group. Talent has been largely recruited from the Grove, but presentation of "Streets of New York" there Saturday night will be the first showing of a Community production in that section of the Monterey Bay neighborhood.

Cataloguing "Streets of New York" is difficult in the extreme. In the writing ninety years ago by Dion Boucicault it was straight

out melodrama with "papers," "have you in my power," "scarlet pasts" and all the rest. Played today this theatrical antique is a novelty, a curiosity, something of a museum piece. It is quaint and funny. Galt Bell held his direction to a key well calculated to get the most out of the play.

In the cast are Olga Fish, Paula Dougherty, Connie Shuman, Stella Mather, Gordon Knoles, Sam Ethridge, Gene Watson, Jack Gribner, Bob Edgren, Jr., Milton Latham, Ed. Files, John Stanley, Eddie Caponi and Lucian ones. Helen Wilson contributes an amusing specialty as a ballad singer and a selection of old-time songs is sung by a chorus of boys and girls.

Carmel Boy Scouts Enjoy Overnight Camping Trip

A group of Carmel Boy Scouts under the leadership of John Neikirk participated in an overnight camping trip on the DeAmaral property in the Highland's last Saturday.

The group composed of 14 Scouts were driven up to the camping spot in trucks provided by Louis Levinson of the Carmel Garage. Henry Bauernschmidt, troop committeeman assisted Scout master Neikirk in giving Scout tests to the boys.

Conover Seeks Solution In Carmel Zoning Fight

A group of interested Carmel residents, including members of the city council, met in conference Wednesday afternoon with Reeve Conover, engineer for the Monterey county planning commission in the hope of reaching a solution in the zoning battle now under way.

Conover urged those present to confer with everyone interested in the plan on the possibility that some settlement can be reached before any definite action is taken by the commission on December 27. Conover pointed out that in order that the surrounding property of Carmel should be protect-

ed by proper zoning, a satisfactory agreement on the question should be made as early as possible.

The meeting on Wednesday was entirely informal and consisted primarily of a discussion of the problems presented under the zoning ordinance now under consideration.

Rain Falls Heaviest Here During Storm

Carmel received more than its share of the rain that fell all over the state on Tuesday and Wednesday morning.

Figures at the Carnegie Coastal laboratory as given out by Dr. Ferdinand Haasis, show that .18 of an inch of rain fell in Carmel. This was more than in any other section of the peninsula, except at Del Monte where the rain gauge recorded the same amount.

Talk on War To Be Given By Steffens

Lincoln Steffens will speak next Sunday, Dec. 4th at the Joseph Schoeninger house on the Point,

in an open meeting, to consider urged to hear what this always interesting speaker has to say. The meeting will be at eight o'clock and is sponsored by the Women's International League.

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State Officials Dedicate Bixby Bridge on San Simeon Highway

With many Carmel and other peninsula residents in attendance, the Bixby creek bridge, 18 miles south of here on the Carmel-San Simeon highway was dedicated Sunday by a group of state officials who came here for the ceremonies.

The bridge, the largest of its kind in the world, cost more than a quarter of a million dollars to complete and is one of the important links leading to the final opening in 1934 of the Carmel-San Simeon highway.

T. J. Reardon, state labor commissioner, spoke as a representative from Governor James Rolph, who due to urgent business in the southern part of the state was unable to be present. State Senator E. H. Tickle of Carmel acted as master of ceremonies.

City officials from Carmel, Pacific Grove, Monterey and Salinas were present and participated in the ceremonies. Commissioner Reardon in dedicating the bridge, disclosed that Governor Rolph had given the Carmel-San Simeon highway his strongest support in anticipation that it would be opened within 18 months.

Following his brief address, Senator Tickle handed to Reardon a pair of scissors with which he cut the ribbon across the entrance of the bridge, officially opening it to the general traffic.

The caravan of machines then continued on down the coast to Pfeiffer's resort where an "old fashioned California barbecue" was

served. More than 1000 persons, including several hundred from Carmel were present at the barbecue.

School Children Help to Fill Community Chest

The pupils of Sunset school are aiding the Community Chest this

year by contributing small sums from their own allowances for the purpose of feeding poor children. The pupils have responded willingly and generously. The present state of affairs, though very unfortunate in many ways, has taught the children to be considerate of and helpful to those in less favorable circumstances.

Banking and its present stabil- ities was the topic of the discussion by the Carmel Woman's club when it held its last meeting on Wednesday morning at the Girl Scout house. Mrs. Willis White gave a talk descriptive of Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt and told of her abilities to do many different things.

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Postoffice Jingle Bells Call For Early Christmas Mailing

With Santa Claus already fitting out his sleigh for his trip from the north, his assistants at the Carmel postoffice began the preparations of handling the tremendous increase in mail volume that occurs each Christmas.

Postmaster William Overstreet, who has received official word of the arrival of Santa Claus, paused long enough today to issue the annual advice to Carmel residents of "shopping and mailing early."

According to Overstreet, during the holiday season, volume of mail matter increases in the Carmel postoffice to approximately 200 per cent.

"Imagine what would happen in most business houses if that occurred," Overstreet pointed out. "We're glad to see business pick up, but we hope everybody helps out to the extent that they mail their Christmas packages early as possible."

"It is a physical impossibility to handle the increased volume of postal matter within a few days. For this reason, early posting of Christmas presents and cards is necessary or they will arrive at their destination too late."

Overstreet revealed that one of the unusual features of this year's holiday will be the fact that all postoffices throughout the nation will be closed on Christmas Day (December 25) and the following day is a legal holiday.

Extra clerks will be hired to help in the distribution of Christmas mail. Overstreet stressed that everything will be done in delivering incoming mail to Carmel residents.

Because all mail for Carmel residents has to be delivered from the local postoffice, the crowds and the confusion will be greater here than perhaps in any other postoffice. Overstreet, however, has announced that several more windows would be opened to handle the holiday traffic.

Hardware Bill Goes Before Higher Court

Grace Thoburn, well known Carmel resident and sister of Phil Wilson, local realtor, this week appealed to the superior court here from a \$101.67 judgment returned against her last month in the justice court in Monterey.

According to the appeal, the judgment was in favor of Bonham's hardware store in Carmel. Bonham sued Mrs. Thoburn for merchandise delivered to her and assertedly never paid for.

Carmel Boy Scouts Take to Horse Back Riding

A group of Carmel Boy Scouts have taken to horse back riding under the instruction of "Tex" Dalton, well known local cowboy writer.

The group is riding around Carmel on Wednesday afternoons on horses from Lynn Hodges stables.

Boys who pass their tests for horsemanship will receive merit badges. Among the boys already in the group are Gerald Neikirk, Jerry Neikirk, Jimmie Rand, George Crossman, Dick Crossman, Edgar Leslie and George Wishart.

Woman Cited by Court for Trimming of Trees

Mrs. Ida Meyer, Carmel resident, was cited by Carmel police and brought to court last week for trimming the trees around her property on San Antonio and Twelfth streets.

Mrs. Meyer told Police Judge George L. Wood that she had received permission from the late Alfred Frazer, who was street superintendent before his death some two years ago. Because of the lapse of time when this permission was said to have been granted, Judge Wood ruled that it was not valid.

Lawrence Cook, gardener who trimmed the trees for Mrs. Meyer was given a \$10 fine but its payment was suspended.

Talk on Bali to be Given Here Dec. 10

Would you like to eat dragon flies fried in oil, or octopi cooked up with rice? Do your children sleep on some one else's doorstep and never tell you that they are not coming home? Does your maid servant bring you boiled potatoes in chocolate sauce for breakfast?

Then you have missed the fun of living in Bali and never knowing what may happen next. The Mershons found that just things like these kept them living in Bali for nearly a year instead of the two months they had planned to stay. What happened to them as they kept house in that strange tropical island they will tell in a conversational lecture at the Denby-Watrous Gallery on the evening of December the tenth.

Bali, a small island off the coast of Java, is still untouched by the fingers of civilization and is still happy. How the natives live, what arts they have, why they love their temples and religion. The Mershons tell in a delightful way while their Cine-films and Gamelan music help one to imagine that you are in Bali, if just for a night.

Mrs. Marshon will be remembered here as Katharine Edson, the dancer, for some years connected with the Pasadena Community Playhouse and as the daughter of Mrs. Katherine Philips Edson of Carmel. Mr. Marshon is a designer of textiles and has brought to this country a very unusual collection of fabrics from Bali, Java and the Far East. The exhibition of fabrics and Balinese arts and crafts will be on display at the Gallery.

Come and hear why you should not eat potatoes, or walk in the middle of the road, or go at night without a piece of garlic tucked behind your ear. Come and see a priest of Siva make a magic ritual to his deity for Mr. Marshon was able to take a Cine film of the beautiful hands of this man during the mudras.

Bob Drewes who is at the present time attending the University of California was the house guest of Speck Watson over Thanksgiving. Both Mr. Drewes and Mr. Watson take active part in the doings of the younger set in Carmel during the summer.

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Cauliflower, fancy snowball	05c

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Kenneth Spencer Sings Again

By Hal Garrott

Kenneth Spencer, the Negro basso whose recitals created such a stir in Carmel several weeks ago,

filled a return engagement at the Denny-Watrous Gallery Saturday night.

The audience, twice the size of the first one, was amply rewarded, though Spencer was in no such inspiring mood as on the occasion of his former appearance. The favorite numbers included "Stan Still Jordan" by Johnson; "Crucifixion" by Fisher; "Get on Board Little Children" and "Troubled Mind" by Johnson; "Go Down Moses" by Barliegh; a reading entitled "Creation" by James Wheldon Johnson; and three encores, one of them "Water Boy."

The reading of "Creation," in every way up to Spencer's rendition in his former recital, was eloquent and moving. The soloist seems to possess the natural qualifications of the "big time" concert artist. He sings regularly over the N. B. C. radio network. But his present manner, familiar, intimate, with little planned stage effect for the large hall, loses much by broadcasting. It should be heard "in person."

Spencer's singing partakes of the informal, amateur manner that one hears in the homes of friends. Little effort, as a rule, is employed to put "punch" into a song. Seldom is the voice sent out in full volume to provide dramatic contrast following hushed passages. Spencer's method is enjoyable, comes closer to the cotton field than the recitalist usually does, yet in many numbers it misses the thrill the concert-goer expects from the major performer.

I am informed that Kenneth Spencer, still in his early twenties, does not feel he can afford an expert professional accompanist, one who could aid in putting over numbers that falter by supplying animation, and building up support in climaxes. Also Kenneth Spencer, gifted as he is in voice, emotional and artistic equipment, like every other artist budding into greatness, needs the advice of a coach to indicate opportunities for audience effect. Then, too, his diction is too sophisticated for the Negro Spiritual. The dialect does

not admit of the clear sounding of such final consonants as "r" in "door" for instance.

Kenneth Spencer's full voiced singing of "Go Down Moses" is an example of the sort of vigor which, applied to other parts of his program, would have sent his audience away shouting in their hearts. The fact that Spencer is capable of achieving this effect, has emboldened this critic to make the above comments.

George Marion to be Seen on Local Screen

What would you do if you had only six hours to live? "Six Hours to Live," a romantic drama which has its setting in Geneva, Switzerland, and has Warner Baxter, John Boles, Irene Ware, Miriam Jordan, George Marion and Beryl Mercer in its principle roles, features the bill at the Carmel Theatre, opening for one day only, Thursday December 8th. This production has a distinct international flavor, revolving around a dramatic incident at an international conference. In this

production, George Marion of Carmel has one of the leading parts.

Carmel Woman's Club To Hold Book Talk

The December meeting of the Carmel Woman's club will be under the auspices of the book-section. Miss Sarah Redington of Santa Barbara, a successful lecturer before clubs and schools will talk on Christmas books. The meeting is open to anyone for the admission price of 25 cents. An invitation is extended to the women's organizations of Monterey and Pacific Grove, to attend. The time and place are 2:30 Monday afternoon, December 5th at the Girl Scout house, Carmel.

The proceeds will go to Unemployment Relief.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Parrott entertained at a house party given at their Pebble Beach home a while ago. Their guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Roy Phelps of San Jose and Mr. and Mrs. Tass Ryland of San Francisco.

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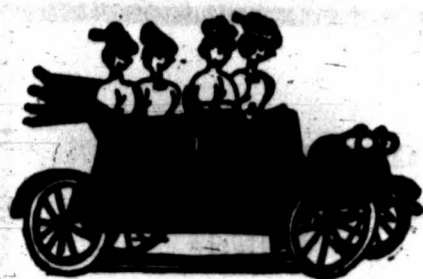
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Not So Artistic!
(From Redwood City Tribune and Standard)

In the humble opinion of this scribe, it is high time newspapers ceased making fun of "Artistic



**You wouldn't ride
in a car like this
nowadays—
unless on a lark!**

**Funny thing—there
were funny-looking
glasses to go with the
cars of yester-year.**

How times do change—

**Curious how quickly
fashions change and
convert the serious
modes of today into the
laughs of tomorrow—
eyeglass styles, as well
as others.**

**We are so used to look-
ing through our glasses
that we never look at
them!**

**But other people do—
To them our glasses are
us...**

**Better be sure your
glasses say—1932.**



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President**

Carmel." Not, goodness knows, that we object. But the jibes of the press are no longer applicable.

Carmel has been fair game for reporters and rewrite men since the days of George Sterling, Mary Austin, Ambrose Bierce, et al. No matter what kind of news came out of Carmel, it seemed that the press had to touch it up, and add numerous paragraphs (allegedly humorous) concerning long-haired poets and the shocking of Carmel's esthetic senses, and similar rubbish. If a prominent resident of Carmel broke a leg, every newspaper in the state went into convulsions of glee, and printed a long story of the event, the greater portion of which was devoted to digs at the supposed culture of Carmel, and very little of which said anything about the broken limb.

It has gotten so that Carmel can't paint her fire hydrants without breaking into front page print in San Francisco.

Only yesterday, there was a story, widely circulated, about Chief of Police Gus Englund's horse. True to form, editors everywhere ran columns about Carmel's bards and what-not, but precious little about Gus' horse. Now, we have observed Gus astride his horse many a time. The chief has terrified us with his scowl, which must surely make evil doers quake with fright, for it is a scowl fit to send little children home crying. The chief is worth a story all by himself, not to mention his horse. But could you make a city editor believe that? You could not. No, he would have to do a journalistic song and dance about the "arty" side of Carmel. He would soon have you thinking that every other person in the village makes batiks, writes sonnets, or paints pictures.

The truth is, of course, that Carmel was never that way, and is even less that way now than it ever was. There was a time when Carmel had that indefinable something called, for want of a better name, atmosphere. Those who loved the sea, and the pines, and the rustic simplicity essential to fullest enjoyment of both, tried to keep Carmel free from the progress which is needed in some places, but is death to others. Among them were writers and artists. But today, Carmel is inhabited mainly by retired business men, ministers and educators, and, on week-ends, by anything-but-poetic college students. You could fire off a shotgun anywhere in Carmel and not hit a poet. The town still has charm, but the outside world is closing in on it. Ere long, it will be completely "modernized"—and then the few artist, poets and musicians left will have to go somewhere else.

And so, the next time you read a news story about esthetic Carmel remember that there's nothing to it.

Maybe They Work!
(From Westward, S. F.)

Business men are often prone to think that authors are a lazy lot so in defense of literary industry we quote the Carmel Pine Cone from an item by Herbert

Cerwin which tells us that Kathleen Norris writes 52 editorials a year, two short stories a month and usually from three to five novels annually. One novel contains as much writing as 1,000 average business letters. And lest this be considered an exception let us quote another item from Herbert Bolton, winner of the gold medal in the Commonwealth Club's 1931 Annual Literature Award in which he describes the preparation of his winning book "Outpost of Empire." He says "the book was the fruit of 30 years' labor and involved the study of over one million bundles of documents, all of which went through my hands alone; and these documents were scattered in 64 various depositories of official ar-

chives in Mexico, the central one of which is known as the General Public Archive of the Nation. In addition, there was the field work involving going over 10,000 miles of the Anza trails, back and forth again and again—identifying camp sites, landmarks, etc., over a territory 1600 miles in length. Then, after gathering the material, selecting the data and covering the field work, there remained but the pleasant occupation of setting down what I had gathered. Writing it was one of the most enjoyable experiences of my career." How many poets are unwilling to spend an hour polishing a sonnet or getting the material for one and then wonder why their poetry is rejected?



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Carmel Takes Hilarious Walk Through "Streets of New York"

By Herbert Cerwin

It took a stirring melodrama, rescued from the theatrical archives of yesteryear, with a moral and a tear in every line, to make Carmel burst out with enthusiastic hilarity.

Last week-end's production of "Streets of New York" swept the villagers off their high perches and landed the second feather into the brown and dusty derby of the Carmel Community Players.

Even the dainty hands of tea cup balancers were reddened from the incessant applause.

When Dion Bouicicault in the early eighties took pen and paper and began the enterprising task of writing "Streets of New York," it was with the expressed purpose of showing beyond all doubt that Wall street was as crooked as any country road.

Since then everything has undergone a progressive change. Wall street has been paved, but its contours have not been straightened. The play which when it was first produced must have moistened many a silk handkerchief, now brings forth chuckles, just like the old family album is a guarantee against a boring evening.

Members of the cast had but to play the roles straight, with virtually no exaggeration to produce the necessary results. It was good to hear the playhouse reverberate with honest laughter and applause that were not forced.

A revival of melodrama is not as easy to produce as it appears in front of the footlights. If we were to look through the microscope, the flaw we would find would not be either in the cast, nor in the direction; it would be in the lack of rehearsals. A few more nights of drilling would have given it the professional polish.

Samuel Ethridge's portrayal of Gideon Bloodgood, whose "hand does not tremble" despite his many crimes will stand for a long time as a fine piece of acting. Ethridge in all his local appearances has never been disappointing.

The professional glare in the production shined the brightest whenever Jack Gribner appeared. Gribner took the play out of low gear and placed it into high so that it moved with the essential speed.

Mrs. Olga Fish's part was small, but she made the role realistic enough. Mrs. Fish has a fine speaking voice for the stage and what she lacks in theatrical technique, she makes up in the effort to do good work. Technique can only be obtained by experience. It is

difficult to realize that this is only Mrs. Fish's second appearance behind the footlights.

What we said of Mrs. Fish applies to some extent in our opinion, to the acting of Mrs. Paula Dougherty. In fact, we can go further by adding that her role as the "poor old mother" was one of the high spots of the evening.

Eugene Watson might have been miscast in "The Devil in the Cheese" but he was certainly not in the role of the seafaring captain. His acting in "Streets of New York" showed that he knows what to do on the stage when he has the right part.

If we were to continue our plaudits, it would carry into another column. So we add that Stella Mather, Col. Milton Latham, Gordon Knoles, John Stanley, Bob Edgren, Jr., (he was great), Connie Shuman (splendid) Ed Files, Lucian Jones, Eddie Capon and Helen Wilson all helped toward making the play a successful production. And we have not forgotten the singing of the ladies and gentlemen of the ensemble.

We have been accused of being deleterious in our reviews of past productions of the Community Players. Ergo, we went to see "Streets of New York" with sharpened pick and ready to break up the pavement. Instead we found a play that measured up creditably to the theatrical standard of Carmel.

Steve Reynolds Story in Liberty Magazine

A short short story, written by Stephen Allen Reynolds, Carmel author, is scheduled to appear in one of the current numbers of Liberty magazine. The story, titled "On the Count of Ten," won the fiction contest prize given each week by Liberty.

Another of Reynolds short stories, based on his northern adventures is scheduled for publication in Adventure magazine the latter part of this month.

Rolf Pielke Exhibition Now Underway at Gump's

An exhibition of a series of life drawings of miners made early this year in the Mother Lode country by Rolf Pielke, Carmel artist, is now on display at Gump's art galleries in San Francisco.

The display which has won the praise of art critics in the bay region was shown first in the De-Young museum in Golden Gate park. Later by request it was transferred to Gump's.

Another View of Realty Conditions

By Howell Byrnes

Some few months ago an editorial appeared in the Pine Cone advising Carmel property owners not to let their properties go too cheaply and to withstand the pressure of outside buyers who could foresee the wonderful future for Carmel real estate.

Apparently the owners listened to this advice with joy in their hearts; here was a Paradise apart from the rest of the world unaffected by the economic forces that were depressing values elsewhere.

Here are five examples of buyer and seller attitudes toward real property personally obtained by the writer within the past two months:

1. Bid: \$1,200; Asked: \$3,500; Depreciated Replacement Value: \$1,800; Type of Property: Cottage.
2. Bid: \$7,500; Asked: \$13,000; Depreciated Replacement Value: \$10,000; Type of Property: Two family dwelling.
3. Bid: \$5,000; Asked: \$20,000;

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Depreciated Replacement Value: \$8,000; Type of Property: Stock rearing.

4. Bid: \$20,000; Asked: \$40,000; Depreciated Replacement Value: — Type of Property: Vacant land for development.

5. Bid: \$65,000; Asked: \$150,000; Depreciated Replacement Value: \$70,000; Type of Property: Business building.

Is it any wonder business gets discouraged? In all these cases the bidders wished to buy and the askers wished to sell, and in every case the seller had declined to reduce his price. In three of these cases, the price asked is considerably more than the original cost. In all cases the bidders are local residents.

These are not a few exceptional cases; they are typical examples. If these were income properties there might be some understanding, but except for the cottage not one has any income commensurate with the value placed on it. Instead, a depleted income, a steady outgo for taxes and interest and an enormous gap between those who have money to buy and those who wish money for their properties.

Probably property owners as a class are more loathe to admit loss of value than any other owner class. Perhaps that is because there is no daily quotation of prices; or that the sale of property usually is a matter of public interest and knowledge not attendant with the sale of securities. We like to take our losses secretly. There is also the thought that buyers are not able to judge real property values accurately and that salesmanship will help hoodwink the buyer. Show me the salesman who can bridge any of the gaps in the examples above. As a matter of fact the present buyers are only too painfully accurate in their analysis of value.

It is a well established rule in manufacturing and retail businesses to take inventory losses in periods of falling prices or changes in style, and the sooner the better. They are facts and must be recognized. Subsequent rise in prices constitute profit. Money, to make money, must be active; it must be turned over as often as possible. Dormant assets will invariably produce only loss. If the owners of real property recognized these truths, there would be activity and increasing demand and possibilities of frequent turnover. There would also be recognition from banks and loan companies, who are now deaf to all appeals.

The Pine Cone editorial meant well, but mere holding of property for an indefinite future won't help business recovery or real estate values. Barter and trade and income to business will help. The value of the dollar has changed and the only ones who seem to realize it are those who possess them.

Speeder Cited for Going 72 Miles in City Limits

Thomas Lout of Monterey was arrested this week by Traffic Officer Charles Guth for going 72 miles an hour inside the Carmel city limits.

Lout when arrested told Guth that he was in a hurry to deliver an automobile battery to a Carmel resident. When he appeared before Police Judge George L. Wood, he was not in so much of a hurry.

Judge Wood imposed a \$30 fine to be paid in monthly installments or 30 days in jail.

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From Ranald Cockburn, publisher of the Pine Cone—I do solemnly swear that an average of 1200 copies of the Pine Cone have been printed for the past 52 weeks of issue; that the subscriptions and sales of the Pine Cone in Carmel and its environs have averaged over 900 copies per week.

Ranald Cockburn

From Fred Buck, circulation and advertising manager the Carmel Pine Cone—I do solemnly swear that there are placed for sale on the newsstands of the Monterey Peninsula each week, at least 300 and usually more copies of the Carmel Pine Cone; and that the returns unsold each week are seldom over 50.

Fred Buck

The Carmel Press, Inc. will gladly verify the fact that a minimum of 1200 copies of the Carmel Pine Cone are printed each week and at times as many as 1500 copies.

*For the Carmel Press, Inc.
E. A. H. Watson*

From Perry Newberry, editor of the Pine Cone—I do solemnly swear that when I want a few extra copies of the Pine Cone for any purpose, I frequently find that we are sold out; that sometimes we haven't enough copies left for the various files we must keep; and that the Carmel Press folks, who print the paper, assure me that we are getting a bit better than a full count on the runs. That, because the Pine Cone is purely a Carmel paper, kept purposely interesting to Carmelites only, with mighty little general reader interest, its circulation is among Carmel's home folks, whether in the village, or traveling elsewhere for the time. And I do solemnly swear that if the Pine Cone is not a good advertising medium for the merchants who do business here, there is no advertising medium for them.

Perry Newberry

The Carmel Pine Cone

A Weekly Newspaper... The Official Newspaper
of Carmel-by-the-Sea

Newberry's Authentic Autobiography

XXVIII

We had made a seat at the top of the load on the wagon for Bertha and Charlotte, a comfortable nest of mattresses and pillows where they could sit high aloft, like queens in a circus parade, behind the four horses. Steve and I rode on the seat with the driver, only Steve was still too thrilled with the hunting spirit to remain long inactive. With the shotgun, and his pockets full of shells, he ranged the fields beside the road, and brought back food for our camp meals.

It was a rough road, barely more than wagon-tracks most of the way. There were frequent creek crossings to be negotiated, where the wagon would rock perilously, and the girls would clutch each other and the rope lashings, and scream. That night's camp, made beside the creek we had been following, was upset by a flurry of snow, and we had to move our beds under the wagon-box for protection. Only a hint of the winter to come, with the snow all melted away an hour after sunrise in the morning.

But it changed our plans, and when late in the afternoon we arrived at Silver on the Methow river, several miles below Gold Creek's mouth, we arranged that Charlotte and Bertha should remain there, boarding in its one farmhouse, until Steve and I got a habitable house up at the mine. Lucky that we did, too, for next morning, in crossing the river, a deep ford with the water up to the wagon-box, we had an upset that would have been precarious with the girls aboard. Steve, the driver and I were soaked in icy water, and did some hard work in getting the wagon properly on its four wheels again.

However, we pulled into the cabin site on Gold Creek all intact, to find lumber for the house piled high on the flat, and a noon sun shining bright and warm. After unloading, we said good-bye to the driver, waved him on his way, and turned to the job of carpentering. For the next ten days, it was saw and hammer from dawn to dark, with barely enough time out to get our meals. Each morning when we awoke, the day was chillier, and we were shingling the roof when winter set in. It came in a storm of wind and snow that made our work on the icy slope of the roof a thing of hazards.

We finished it, fingers half frozen, and got inside where we had set up the kitchen stove and had piled the waste wood of sawed-off ends and scrap lumber. With a great fire roaring in the box, we ate and listened to the storm outside. Plenty still to be done to make this a home, but it would keep away the storm. We were sheltered and warm.

The floors of tongue-and-groove were next to be laid over the rough boards, and never before or since have I handled such malicious flooring! It was warped so that frequently a strip would curve half a circle in its length, and we were forced to saw it into short

pieces, and hammer tongue into groove with an eight-pound sledge. All the while, a tempest raged outside.

Partitions grew to divide the rooms and make the inside of the cabin more cozy; doors were hinged; the big livingroom stove was set up, and began to eat its enormous diet of sycamore and cottonwood chunks; the furniture we had brought was placed; and at last we wrote a note to the girls at Silver, telling them to come on, we were ready. Barton, who had been building a forge and blacksmith shop on the hill near the mine, carried the letter down the creek to Teagarden's where the twice-a-week postman, riding his route from Pateros to Winthrop, ahorse, would pick it up and deliver it at Silver. And a few days later, to the jingle of bells, the girls arrived in a sleigh. The Gypsy Queen mining company was together, installed in its shack, ready to grow rich on the mineral output of its claims.

Indian summer came, glittering bright and chill. We were all eager to get at actual mining, taking the ore from the ground, piling it up for sacking, but there was still much to do of a preparatory nature. A floor for breaking and sorting the ore was built on the creek bank, with a gravity ore car to bring the mineral from the mine; and a road with four bridges was constructed, running to the county road at the mouth of the creek. We had hired a second miner, Tommy Young, a Welchman, who backed with Barton in the log cabin, and Teagarden, with his team of horses, helped in this preliminary work.

Steve and I worked with axes and the cross-cut saw getting out timbers for the bridges, helped in the heavy job of placing them, then laid and spiked the flooring; we lamed our backs at shoveling on the roadbed; we labored to late hours of the night finishing the house and building furniture for it. Charlotte had sent east for carpets and rugs that she had stored there, and we were probably the only mining camp in the Okanogan with Wilton-Brussels rugs on its floors. Bit by bit we were making the place comfortable and handsome, and at the same time, getting ready for an active winter of mining. A powder-house, dug out of the bank, sodded over to keep the contents from freezing, was half filled with cases of dynamite, reels of fuses, and boxes of caps. The blacksmith shop, a leveled-off bit of hillside, roughly roofed but open on its sides, held a forge, anvil and half-barrel tub of water. Drills and picks were sharp and rightly tempered. Even the plan for our mining operations had been discussed and decided.

Then, half the world away, a thing happened that was to affect our affairs deeply, although it was months later that we knew anything of it. At Tokyo, in Japan, the cabinet determined that the embargo against the exportation of antimony, existing during and after the Russo-Japanese war, could now be lifted. Antimony, which had been selling at 26 cents a

pound, or more, for several years, began to drop in price in the American market.

We were sending out letters with samples of our ore to the smelters and mineral buyers at Seattle, San Francisco and New York, and it was not long before offers came back. Because we had no knowledge of the phraseology of the business, and the terms were all strange to us, we had to make a study of units and percentages before we could translate these replies. Finally we accepted a bid from a Seattle buyer for an English smelter for a first shipment of thirty tons of ore to be delivered at Seattle on or before December 15. Figuring liberally on hauling charges, river freight and the railroad haul, we stood to clear better than two thousand dollars on the shipment.

Actual mining began with two shifts of ten hours each, Barton with Steve his mucker, Tommy Young with me, on the twelfth of November, 1906. We had done considerable exploiting of the prospect hole before this; in fact, there was not a day since we came to the claim that we had not spent some time in picking away at the ledge, getting excited with the uncovering of additional wealth of mineral. Two enormous kidneys of the metal, the larger weighing, we estimated, four and a half tons, had been excavated and let down on the dump. I sent a story of this achievement to my old paper, the Okanogan Record, and unfortunately for us, the story was copied by the Spokane and Seattle dailies. Which brought Mr. Gager into camp.

Mr. Gager was a mining engineer, expert for the Guggenheim interests, the controlling force in many varieties of minerals in the west. He was a handsome man of middle age, more than six feet tall, finely built and with an engaging personality. He stayed with us several days, looked over our prospect, photographed the big nuggets, prospected about the hills a bit, and finally made us an offer of ten thousands dollars for our claim. We laughed at him.

That night we played poker, and stripped Gager of most of his roll. Before going to bed for the few hours left before the daylight shift began mining, Gager raised his offer for the claim to \$25,000. He spent a good part of next day following the outcrop of our vein over the extension claim, and at supper made us a bid of \$40,000 for the property. Again we laughed at him, and suggested poker for the evening.

Steve had a way with him at the pasteboards. He had sat in games in the east and west, where the betting ran into important money, and the blue sky was the limit. This little game, with our wives sitting in, was mere child's play to him. We, and Gager, had our various runs of luck, but Steve played 'em steadily close to his chest, and the white beans—beans were serving for chips—began to pile up like a pyramid before him. Finally the girls retired, broke and exhausted, leaving Gager, Steve and myself to complete the night.

Gager saw his last small pile of beans merged into the greater one of Steve's possession, yawned and said,

"I'm all in, boys. In fact I'll have to borrow to get back down the river. I am authorized to offer you up to \$50,000 for what you've got here, and no more. I'd advise you to take it."

"We don't feel like selling, Gager, at any price," Steve answered.

"We like it here, and believe we've got a good thing. Your offer don't interest us."

"You're making a mistake, boys. I like you, and I'm warning you. The Guggenheim interests control the antimony market, and they wouldn't like to see an independent producer upsetting things. The price of the metal won't go any higher, believe me."

But we only smiled and shook our heads. I might have been willing to sell my half interest in the Gypsy Queen that night for \$250,000 but for not a cent less. So Gager, with a twenty dollar bill from his own roll, loaned by Steve, went down the creek next morning and back to his headquarters at Spokane.

It was about a week later that we, from the mine's mouth, heard the rattle of a wagon making up our new roadway, and saw a load of lumber, with four men sitting atop it, go by the cabin and up toward Foggy Dew. While we were still speculating upon the meaning of it, a buggy with Gager driving, pulled in before the sorting floor and stopped. We hurried down the trail to meet him.

"Come to get my money back," he grinned. "Going to shake Steve down properly now. I'm building a place up above here where we can play poker without keeping the ladies up all night. Come up in a couple of days and pay me a visit."

"Going to find your own mine," I guessed. "Or maybe you have found it already. Putting in a camp, eh?"

"I'll have a look-see. There ought to be more of the metal where there's so much. No, I haven't found anything yet, but I'm sent here to prospect the country thoroughly. We'll be neighbors for a time."

He jerked the nag to attention, and jogged on his way up the creek. With his going Barton, Steve and I went into executive session. Mining was stopped for the time, while we cut and sharpened stakes and marked off the

Gypsy Queen extension, the Lucky Ike, the Antimony Queen, and the Jumping Moses claims—everywhere that Barton in his prospecting, had found mineral "in place." Then Steve slipped away down the creek to borrow a horse from Teagarden, and take the notices to Pateros for filing. We must take no chances now that we were to have neighbors.

(To be continued next week)

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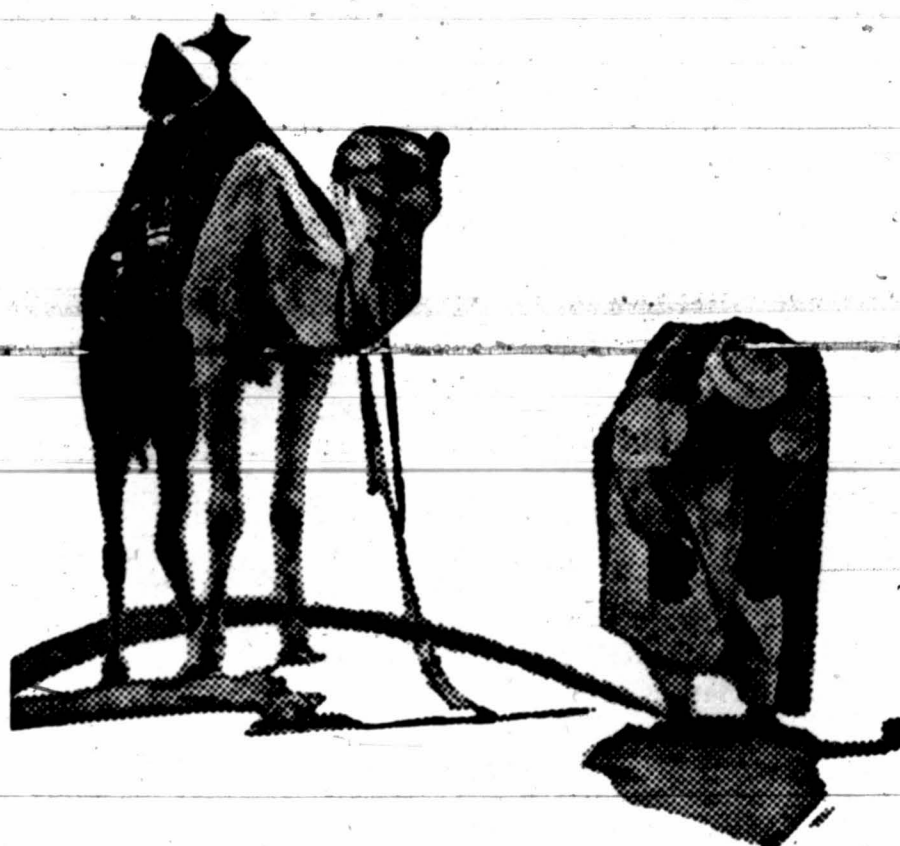
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EDITORIAL

WILL IT BE UNANIMOUS?

The committee appointed by the people of Carmel at the Sunset School meeting with the County Zoning Commission, reports that all the property owners along the highway from the toll-gate on the hill to the river bridge, save only one, are agreed to a system of zoning that will allow nothing but residences along the way. Except for one small strip, the entire map as shown at the meeting, specked with red, is now a peaceful yellow—red meaning objectionables, yellow meaning homes. A. T. Shand, Ray C. DeYoe, Howard Hatton, the Willis Walkers, and Martin McAulay have withdrawn their applications for business property sites—hotels, motels, auto camps, filling stations, picnic grounds, and such—and are agreed upon a zoning ordinance that will prohibit all but residences.

The Carmel Land Co. still stands out for a business center on the highway at the head of Ocean Avenue, in the field just across the highway where the little green stable and corral now stands. In their published statement, "The Carmel Land Company Speaks," printed in the Carmel PINE CONE last Friday, they say, "Finally, should it ever appear advisable in future years, for the balanced development of this locality, to establish a community center or hotel on land east of the highway, now the property of the Carmel Land Company we agree that such Home Owner's Association" (an organization of property owners of Hatton Fields is suggested) "shall pass on the final plans of such development."

This is not satisfactory even to the property owners of Hatton Fields, let alone the people of Carmel. Carmel wishes now to be so zoned that the future years may not develop needs for community centers or business districts outside its zoned areas. Nor would it be of much advantage either to Carmel or Hatton Fields property owners to "pass on the final plans of such development." That Carmel's down-town district should always be menaced by the future possibility of a business center on the highway at its edge is unreasonable. It would hold up development in Carmel's business area and in Hatton Fields residential districts.

This writer was the first purchaser of a site in Hatton Fields, the contract of purchase being Number One. He bought a strictly supervised, carefully restricted residence lot. He submitted his plans of a house to the land company's architect, and made alterations as suggested by him. Had there been then any idea of a business district, a hotel or motel at the head of Ocean avenue, he would not have bought and built. And this writer is, with the majority of Hatton Fields owners, a believer in the good faith and honest dealing of the land company. What the company sold us as home properties will not be menaced in future by any business ventures through the company's building, or with its permission by sale.

The Carmel Land Company is a local institution, a part of Carmel, its stockholders Carmel folks, its officers prominent in our civic affairs and in our community interests. That they should flout the wishes of their friends and neighbors is unthinkable. That they should lower values and make undesirable the home sites they have sold, and the many lots they still own in Hatton Fields, by standing alone against

Carmel Pine Cone

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA

Established February 3, 1915

Official Newspaper of Carmel-by-the-Sea, California

The Carmel Pine Cone's circulation covers Carmel, and in addition, circulates widely in the Highlands, Pebble Beach, Carmel Valley and a large portion of the Peninsula. Its policy is to print the true news and promote the welfare of Carmel and the Peninsula section.

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PERRY NEWBERRY and RANALD COCKBURN, Publishers

Printed by the CARMEL PRESS, INC.

OCTOBER

Never before in all the driven years
Have I met deprivation without tears.
Autumn stealing soft-footed through the woods,
Weaving her subtle complex of gray moods;
The pre-rain silentness of little birds
Waiting for winter to release their words;
The spectacle of men and women bare
Of occupation and enjoyment everywhere;
Even the emptiness of my own arms,—
Nothing in the old wounding way alarms.
Beauty that I have known is mine to keep.
Some things are indestructible. Why weep?

Anonymous

THE OLD HOME

Her's is not a grudging ghost,
Hatefully to haunt their rest,
Stand behind the new wife's chair,
Lay cold fingers on her breast.

She could never blight the house
With strange flittings or with moans;
Her's were ever gracious ways,
Playful actions, gentle tones.

On the flickering hearth she sits
Late when they are both asleep,
Lays his pipe upon her palm,
Smiles into the embers deep.

When the moonbeams glint the paths
In her garden, she is there,
Humming old songs with the wind,
Twining blossoms in her hair.

Her's is not a dreary ghost,
Heaven's too full of brave delight,
Soon will seem her earthly years
Like a tender dream of night,

But as yet she likes to come
Sometimes, as the growing girl
Takes her doll from out the chest,
Ties a ribbon, lifts a curl.

Virginia Strong

SOME HOUR IN THE NIGHT

I have known one time a soft blue bay
Whose waves intoned a constant song;
I have heard the pine trees whispering
In worship to their gods,
And seen the gentle mists creep in
To caress their rugged hills,
And the wandering light among the trees
That had strayed from the Gypsy moon;
And though to me my waking hours
Come pounding through drab city streets,
And the songs I hear are sung by whirling wheels,
At some hour in the night when I find sleep,
My heart returns to sing again its love
Where moonlight dances with a laughing wave.

Hal Mac Chesney

the proper zoning of the Carmel San Simeon highway from Monterey to beyond the Highlands, is beyond belief. We who have had business relations with them from the first, finding them always fair and just, expect from them now the strongest backing of a strict zoning law.

A POLICEMAN AND A HORSE

Are we of Carmel going to let another of its distinctions be lost through carelessness and inactivity? Many things that might have been saved to the village, advantaging it greatly, have departed through lack of public interest, or the inertness of our people. Shall our mounted policeman become a tradition of the past?

August Englund, town marshal first, then chief of police, became a figure of statewide importance—almost of national importance—because he rode a horse in the day of the automobile. That he was a fine officer, did his duties ably, was courteous and human in his conduct of affairs, while important locally, had nothing to do with the reputation given him, and given Carmel, by his services. What made Gus Englund unique was his place on the back of a horse.

He was a splendid figure of a man on his handsome mount, and that helped build the tradition; but it was man and horse together that made fame. Separated from his steed, Gus is merely another policeman in the eyes of the visiting people. In the minds of the thousands who gain their knowledge of the village through reading newspaper and magazine articles about it, Gus, dismounted, doesn't exist. He has become, except locally, a has-been, and soon will be a myth.

Which is Carmel's loss more than it is August Englund's. Personally this editor of the PINE CONE has a deep feeling of affection and admiration for our chief of police. We have known him from the first day of his appointment to the office of Marshal of Carmel, some fifteen years ago, and have been intimately associated with him in his duties of the past. Nobody would feel more acutely his loss to the city. Yet as between losing his services and losing the prestige and distinction of a mounted police chief for Carmel, there would be no hesitation or wavering. We would advocate obtaining another fine horseman, who could, upon the salary the city can afford to pay, maintain and ride a handsome steed.

DAILY QUOTATIONS AND HOMES

Elsewhere in this issue, Howell Byrnes deplores the lack of business acuteness in Carmel's property owners, and in the PINE CONE's editorial columns where we laid ourselves open to his criticism by advising against the sale of properties in Carmel at cheapened prices. Truly no two ideas could be further apart than Mr. Byrnes' and the PINE CONE's as to what constitutes business in Carmel, and as to why people own property in Carmel.

Mr. Byrnes thinks that the buying and selling of properties makes business, whether it means a loss or a gain to the participants; that our homes are like the stock in a store, merchandise to put on the market, to be inventoried, and to suffer reductions with the flow of market quotations. He wants activity in merchandising our homes, frequent turnovers, and be-

lieves that if we all sell out, take our losses, and buy in again at the market, we will restore prosperity.

Which would be nice for the real estate business, we will admit. Or for some of the salesmen who think of Carmel only as a place of land speculation and profit-making. But Carmel's prosperity never did depend, and we hope never will depend upon its real estate transactions. No such town as Carmel could have grown up where people regarded their homes as merchandise, to be bargained for, bought and sold. Here a home has a value entirely independent of the price it will bring, and the ups and downs of the real estate market have no meaning. Home is where we live, raise our families, and have our household gods.

Nor will business as a whole be bettered by speculating now in real estate values in Carmel, by taking losses, by barter and trade in homes, or by making an active market in bankruptcy conditions. The prosperity of Carmel will be bettered, not harmed, by upholding values and retaining possession in hands of present owners, rather than those who would speculate in its lands. There should not be any admissions of loss of value, any "daily quotations" of prices, any stock-market jobbing in Carmel homes.

IT'S A PRIVATE RIOT, PLEASE

Now, now! Can't the Carmelite and the PINE CONE have a nice little family row without the neighbors butting in? Can't Joe and us bat one another with the furniture and the hot kitchen stove without Allen Griffin hurling his Audit Bureau into the fray? How does he, over the hill, get an invitation to mix in our private ructions?

In that always interesting column, News Comments, Allen Griffin of a Monterey newspaper, says: "There is an unpleasant debate now going on between the Carmelite and the Carmel Pine Cone about the matter of local circulation. As a matter of fact, salesmen of all advertising products are sometimes carried away by their en-

thusiasms or their need to make a showing; and the result too frequently is in over-statements that are injurious to the welfare of the newspaper business and misleading to the merchants who deserve a scientific measuring stick for what they are buying.

"To put an abrupt conclusion to arguments of this nature, so far as the Herald's circulation is concerned, the Herald joined the Audit Bureau of Circulations, submits its books, bank accounts, paper and ink purchases, carrier's books, receipt blanks and all other direct and indirect information on this subject, to the bureau's auditor on his surprise visits; and therefore provides for advertisers a proved and audited circulation."

There is more of it, with advice to the merchants and to Carmel's two newspapers, anent Audit Bureaus and their distinguished services. Good advice of the Monterey type of commercialism, where they have bank accounts and receipt blanks and carrier books and such. Here in Carmel, when a merchant wants to know the advertising possibilities of any newspaper, he asks the first twenty customers who come into his store what papers they read.

Which has any Audit Bureau beat a mile for honesty and particularity. Eighteen out of those twenty people will say they read the PINE CONE. Whatever else they read, the PINE CONE goes home with them every Friday, either from the Postoffice or the newstand, and the whole family browses at it. Because it's the home-town paper. Because its editors and writers look at things here through the same sort of spectacles that their readers wear. Not very strong for "Audit Bureaus," for "surprise visits" and "paper and ink purchases" these residents of the village, but intensely loyal to the town and its institutions. And to the advertisers in the town newspaper.

And they are even interested, mildly, in the "unpleasant debate" between the CARMELITE and the PINE CONE over their respective circulations, one-sided though it be. And the disinterested bystander mustn't butt in without asking whether it is a private or public riot.

even when the Americans entered he had no animosity toward them.

Wurzmann recited an incident which, while he did not participate in it, he knew that it had happened. It was the Christmas Eve of 1915 and all was quiet in one section. One German soldier called to the British lines and one of the English officers replied. Gradually all the soldiers raised up over the trenches and soon were exchanging tobacco for chocolate. A general truce was declared in this sector. But the German high command heard about it and put in another regiment and the battle was on again.

When America entered the war the German public was told that they could not hope to send soldiers across the seas, but when 300,000 trained soldiers were landed in France their hopes were dashed.

Wurzmann said his commander had been in the United States and knew this country. He told Wurzmann and other officers that "Germany will lose the war".

A letter from the Edwin Emersons, in New York, says that Edwin was handed a copy of the Pine Cone with our little People Talked About story of his hasty writing of his three-volume world's history, by the editor of the Literary Digest, and they chuckled over it considerably. Why they chuckled, the letter doesn't state. Edwin Emerson's new book, "Hoover and His Times", received a sad smash on election day. The market for Hoover literature dropped to a new low.

Another recent letter is from Madelaine Archer, newspaper and magazine writer of Oakland, poet in the national magazines and editor on the new magazine, "Writer's Review," and she says, "My amazement when I saw the class of your classy paper equaled Calvin Coolidge's when Hoover met defeat. They say he was struck completely dumb.

"Congratulations! I don't see how it could be improved. I should have expected an artistic makeup in a Carmel paper, but that beautiful paper costs real jack—and its the first time I ever saw a weekly newspaper spend extra money to improve the stationery appearance of the paper. It is smart as a smart magazine. The art work, woodcuts etc. make it distinctive. As for news and articles, it is full of interesting things to a non-resident like myself. That is exceptional. You will gather from this that I enjoy reading the Pine Cone."

Harry Leon Wilson, the novelist who for years has resided at Carmel Highlands once posed as a monk—in fact he even talked with ecclesiastical knowledge.

At least that's the story Julian Street relates in an article published in a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post. And Wilson is the last to deny it.

Here goes the story:

In the spring the Tarkingtons moved up to Rome, leaving the Harry Leon Wilsons at the Torre Quattro Venti, the villa they had jointly occupied. They had been gone but a few days when Tom Jackson and Jake Cutter, two young business men from Indiana, came to Capri looking for Booth.

Their disappointment at not finding him was soon forgotten under the hospitable ministrations of Wilson, who, though he had never before heard of them, welcomed them with a dinner party at the hotel and introduced them to several lively young members of the American colony. The dinner party over, Wilson went home to work, consigning the Indians to the care of a gay and alcoholic youth, who took them to the Cafe Morgano and did his best to quench their thirst. When Morgano's and the other drinking places closed, this youth suggested an idea for protracting the party.

"I know a monk," he said, "who, I am sure, will give us wine," and he led the strangers to Wilson's house, which, with its terraces, pergola, white stucco walls and arches, looked, in the night, imposing enough for a monastery.

To acquaint the monks of their presence, the three raised their voices in what they believed to be close harmony:

"Oh, give us a drink, bartender; For we love you, as you know."

Wilson, at work within, heard the uproar, and, habited in the long brown woolen bath robe he wore when writing at night, took a candle and went to the door, a monkish figure in the dimness. "Father," said the young inebriate, "we are pilgrims, footsore and weary, and would fain refresh ourselves with a flagon of thy good old wine."

To the Indians this flowery language sounded all right. It was the way people talked to monks in romantic novels they had read.

The brown-robed figure replied in kind. "Enter, my sons," he said, and led them to a vaulted chamber, where he lighted candles and ministered generously to their wants. Nor did the fact that he spoke good English and had a plentiful supply of French champagne on ice strike them, at this stage in their celebrations, as extraordinary.

In his native town, Cutter was often called upon to make speeches, and after consuming half a bottle of champagne he felt that a few appropriate remarks were in order. "Father," he declaimed, rising from his chair, "I am not myself a member of your faith, but I desire to avail myself of this opportunity to express my admiration and respect for its splendid organization and noble works."

In this vein he continued for some minutes, and, as a climax, drew from his pockets gold, bank notes and silver in a considerable amount, and, pushing them across the table to the brown-robed figure, begged that he use the money for such benevolences as he might see fit.

With a grave nod, Harry stuffed the funds into his bath-robe pocket, and when, soon after, his guests observed that the light of green and gold and opal sunrise was beginning to filter through the windows, they departed, utterly unaware that the hospitable monk was their dinner host of the previous evening.

Next day when Wilson went to the village to buy pencils, he astounded the parish priest by dropping in and handing him a magnificent donation.

An investigating committee declares there is "widespread corruption" in New York City. Those investigators are simply finding out everything.

People Talked About

Fifteen years ago, Fritz Wurzmann of Carmel, was an officer in the German troops that faced the terrific offensives of the American and Allied forces during the World War. Wurzmann as a lieutenant was fighting for his native country.

Last week, a strange and unique meeting took place in Salinas. Wurzmann addressed a service club of which many of the members were not only overseas, but one of them was in a troop that on Christmas day had exchanged greetings with Wurzmann and a group of other soldiers in a German trench.

Wurzmann in his talk before the Kiwanis club revealed many interesting details about the German side of the conflict which had never been revealed. As an officer, Wurzmann was on the front when the first of the American forces began to attack the German lines.

Wurzmann said he was only 17 at the time the war broke and did not enlist. But in 1915 when he was 18 he enlisted. Because of his technical education he was made a lieutenant.

The youth of Germany was enthusiastic over the war. There were a quarter of a million young men between 17 and 22 eager to go to the front.

In November of 1915 Lieutenant Wurzmann was sent to the western front. He said he was frightened on his first day. And he was frightened many times again.

Wurzmann said he was stationed a few miles back of the front lines at an aviation base. French planes zoomed over the base and let loose several bombs. Wurzmann said he was knocked flat by one bomb and that another landed on the corner of one of the buildings and blew it to pieces.

The battle of Verdun was a bloody one, the speaker said. The Germans lost a half-million men. The German officers under rated the importance of the weather, Wurzmann said, which caused the loss. The German planes could not operate because of the snow and thus could not direct the fire of the big guns.

Wurzmann said this battle was the most difficult of all. He was

wet and chilled for four weeks and he and his companions suffered from nerve strain.

In May of 1916 the young lieutenant was transferred to Cambrai where he was impressed by the beauty of the country. This battle was short but it was because of the fact that the English were afraid of something that did not exist.

Wurzmann said that the English feared great German fortifications and had they known that these did not exist they doubtless would have won the battle.

The Germans were surprised and badly frightened when England came forth on the battlefield with huge armored tanks. These tanks proved deadly and swept through the German lines with ease. But it was not long before the Germans built 24 tanks and finally captured 150 from the English which they turned on the enemy.

Wurzmann said when the war started he, along with all the people, hated the enemy, but finally, he said, he reached a point where he could hate no more and

Streets of New York

By Hal Garrott

From the beginning I have had faith in the Carmel Community Players. More than any other local theatre movement in recent years, they have seemed to possess permanency. Last week end they fulfilled my prophesy unforgettably—with a smashing hit, and won our gratitude as well. Before we know it they will be celebrating anniversaries.

Carmel is never happier than when participating in melodrama. The village loves it and plays it admirably. It is only when we take ourselves seriously that lines come haltingly and players seem frozen in their parts. Outsiders have never taken Carmel seriously. Why should we? Let us laugh with the rest of the world, and let us have plenty of melodrama.

Usually the critic approaches local drama with indulgence. Last week no indulgence was required. After "The Streets of New York" we returned to Hatton Fields with a sense of well being not to be found in any of San Francisco's recent professional productions. We were satisfied.

How quickly the theatre fills to capacity when a "regular" show is on. "The Streets of New York" (or Poverty is no Crime) was such a show. Our grandparents took this Boucicault piece in earnest, and that is what makes it so diverting.

Galt Bell's directing never in-

spired greater enthusiasm. Such settings (by the Johnsons); such costumes, handed down through generations—quality of fabric and fine needlework alone have kept them together throughout the years; and lastly, what a cast!

Carmel has always had effective villains. A bit hesitant at first, Samuel Ethridge soon warmed to his role, and gathered in a crop of hisses that would have made the most villainous villain proud. Eugene Watson as Captain Fairweather died all too soon. If it were possible for an audience to laugh any harder, Eugene would have helped turn the trick had he been allowed to live.

Jack Gribner, alternately villain and hero in the role of Badger, never departed far from his contagious grin and cheerio manner. The audience basked in their tonic effect. Gordon Knoles as Mark Livingston ("matinee idol" part) took himself seriously with that deadly solemnity common to heroes and politicians. Such frivolities as laughter and amusement were left to the audience.

Mother love in adversity came into its own in the hands of Paula Dougherty—and how! The Mrs. Fairweather brand of mother love found most solemn and noble response in her two model children. With throaty musical voice and an enunciation that proved the unhappy family's gentility, Olga Fish gave an effective portrayal of the Victorian maiden in the presence of her lover, or of anyone else, for that matter. And Bob Edgren Jr., as her brother Paul sustained the heavy burden of noble youth in the eighteen hundreds.

Even melodrama has its relief, and Milton Latham's piping voice and exuberance provided a human touch as Mr. Puffy. Milton was well cast. Connie Shuman won a good hand as Alida Bloodgood. Rich and worldly and flinty-hearted as her villain father, this player put over the part convincingly. Stella Mather was at home in the role of Mrs. Puffy. Ed Files in costume and manner seemed to step out of Dickens. And let us not overlook Lucien Jones and Eddie Capon as the police, and the long list of Ladies and Gentlemen who supplied divertissement both during and between acts.

Most notable of the entre-actes were the old fashioned songs "rendered" by Mrs. Helen Wilson, who was lustily cheered—even bravo-ed. Miss Betty Hyde, Arthur Gunderson with his violin, and many others contributed to make this show outstanding in Carmel theatrical annals.

The play will be repeated Saturday night, for one performance only, in the high school auditorium at Pacific Grove. The full production and entire cast will be transferred to the Grove stage. Curtain time is 8:15 sharp.

The Grove high school auditorium is on the right hand side of Forest avenue, just as the built-up section is reached in travelling the new Carmel-Pacific Grove motor road.

Etta Stackpole Moves Into Bigger Store

Due to increased business and the need for better show window display the shop of Etta Stackpole, jeweler, is moving to El Paseo court on Dolores street near Seventh. Etta Stackpole will be located in the premises formerly occupied by Der Ling shop.

In order to ease the pressure

of moving so much stock, there are now on sale a large number of articles at amazingly low prices at the old store on Dolores street near Ocean.

Girl Scout Puppet Show To Be Given on Dec. 9

A puppet show under the auspices of the Carmel Girl Scouts will be given a week from this Friday, December 9, at the Sunset school auditorium.

Pattison's marionettes have been obtained for the performance. They will present "Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp." The show will start at 3:45 o'clock. Admission for children will be ten cents and 25 cents for adults.

Superior Recordings

By T. Harold Grimshaw

An unusual pair of records recently released under the Victor label will be of considerable value to lovers of Wagner, especially to those whose devotion to "The Ring of the Nibelungs" is supreme. These discs are for the study, and present ninety motives from Wagner's mighty tetralogy. Beginning with those first heard in Das Rheingold, the procession continues up to the final redemption motif at the end of the epilogue in Gotterdammerung. A printed script comes with the records, numbered, motif by motif. During the playing an announcer calls the number immediately before each motif is heard.

The value of learning the principal motives in Wagnerian scores is beyond argument: he who can recognize them from memory has assured for himself the utmost enjoyment, because the Wagnerian orchestra constantly tells more than the vocal line, the latter only helping to make articulate the drama as portrayed by the orchestra. A particular case in point is the Funeral Music in Siegfried: the listener who knows instantly the various motifs, can, on hearing the Funeral Music reconstruct the whole life-history of the hero. It is Siegfried's glorious obituary. The two discs are inexpensive and are numbered—Victor 11215 and 11216.

Christian Science Churches

"God the Only Cause and Creator" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon Sunday, December 4, in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

The citations which comprise the Lesson-Sermon will include the following from the Bible: "And when Jesus was come into Peter's house, he saw his wife's mother laid, and sick of a fever. And he touched her hand, and the fever left her: and she arose, and ministered unto them. When the even was come, they brought unto him many that were possessed with devils: and he cast out the spirits with his word, and healed all that were sick" (Matt. 8:14-16).

The Lesson-Sermon also will include the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy: "The Christian Scientist, understanding scientifically that all is Mind, commences with mental causation, the truth of being, to destroy the error. This corrective is an alternative, reaching to every part of the human system. Ac-

cording to Scripture, it searches 'the joints and marrow,' and it restores the harmony of man" (p. 423).

Miss Ordway Tunison who is at the present time attending school at Hacienda del Sol in Tucson, Ariz., spent the Thanksgiving holidays at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Tunison of Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Tate of Hollywood spent the week-end in Carmel staying at La Playa hotel. Mr. Tate is a Hollywood movie director.

A dance was held last Saturday night at the Manzanita club, after having been arranged by a group of young people who recently organized a club. Among the members of this new group are the following: Misses Helen McLaughlin, Anne and Adelaide Whitehorn, Patty Johnson, and Elizabeth Reamer. Messrs. Ralph James, Henry Hasty, Dan Chew and Cedric Rowntree.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF MARY J. BAKER, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, C. L. Berkey, administrator of the estate of Mary J. Baker deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said estate to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the above entitled Court, or to present them with the necessary vouchers, to the said administrator at the law offices of Silas W. Mack, 126 Bonifacio Place, (Old First National Bank Building) Monterey, (same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate) in the County of Monterey, State of California, within six months after the

first publication of this notice. Dated this 22nd day of November, (D. 1932.

C. L. BERKEY
Administrator of the Estate of Mary J. Baker, Deceased.
SILAS W. MACK
Attorney for said Administrator.
Date of First Publication November 25th 1932.
Date of Last Publication December 23rd 1932.

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The Devil Walks

By Herbert Cerwin

A writer friend of ours who he marked it down on a separate tilts the bottle at more than a piece of paper. When he came to page five, he found that his words were flowing like they never had in the past. On page ten and after drink No. 10, the action of the story moved even swifter than the author had anticipated.

He started on page one of his manuscript with but a single drink. Page two, meant two drinks. Each time he lifted a glass,



"Grace, did you ever get nervous when shopping and buy something you didn't want?"

"Not recently - one is never rushed into buying at

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When he reached page twenty, his wife came and dragged him to bed. Next morn, after aspirin and tomato juice, he examined the experimental effects on his manuscript.

He discovered that everything went well up to page ten. After that, matters got out of control. He had stopped on page twenty, because he had killed off all the characters in his story!

We are informed, on what appears to be reliable authority, that there is only one way that Bacchus can ride the rails of the type-writer without any side switchings.

The alcoholic consumer must forget to sober up. The saturated author then works under an equalized equilibrium. A hang-over, we are told, is never an incentive for great literature.

Knowing now full well that we shall be cited for delving so deeply into the alcoholic question, we go a step further.

The clause in each Carmel property deed states firmly in black and white that should the sale or the serving of intoxicated beverages be carried out, the land reverts back to its original owner.

Under the circumstances and should the erudite members of the bench pass approvingly on the clause of this deed, former property owners who sold their land cheaply in the early days, might rectify their mistake through such a loop hole.

Then there was the Carmel artist, who always carried a camping cot whenever he went to a party. After a few drinks, he would open up the cot, pull a blanket over himself and fall asleep.

One night, a group of the elite, carried him in the cot into the middle of a pasture. In the early morning, as he still slept, the artist dreamed of a beautiful light of love he had met with long, golden locks of hair.

Just as he was passing his hand through the golden curls he awoke with a start. Next to the cot was a horse sniffing at the artist.

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COFFEE	BLUE & WHITE	A superior blend in vacuum tins	1 Lb. Tin	29c	85c
MARGARINE	BLUE & WHITE	For cooking and table uses	1 Lb. Carton	9c	25c
Laundry SOAP	RED & WHITE	A white bar of finer laundry soap	Large Bar	2 1/2c	7c
Soap POWDER	BLUE & WHITE	For all laundry and household uses	40 Oz. Pkg.	30c	99c
PEARS	RED & WHITE	Luscious snow white halves	No. 2 1/2 Tins	19c	55c
Sliced BACON	GOLDEN STATE	The mild flavor will please you	3/4 Lb. Pkg.	13c	
MILK	RED & WHITE	The canned milk with the fresh milk flavor	Tall Tins	4c	11c
Sliced Pineapple	RED & WHITE	Luscious large slices	No. 2 1/2 Tins	18c	50c
GRAPE FRUIT	HACIENDA	Fancy whole segments	No. 2 Tins	17c	50c
PEACHES	RED & WHITE	Your choice of luscious slices or halves	No. 2 1/2 Tins	15c	43c
APRICOTS	RED & WHITE	Large halves tree ripened	No. 2 1/2 Tins	17c	47c
HOT SAUCE	BLUE & WHITE	To add flavor to your cooking	8 Oz. Tins	3c	8c
Tomato JUICE	HACIENDA	Refreshing, healthful Drink your vitamins	No. 1 Tall Tins	9c	25c
SHRIMP	RED & WHITE	Large size tender fish	5 Oz. Tins	15c	43c
SAUSAGE	HORMEL	The tempting breakfast sausage	8 Oz. Tins	19c	57c
SAUSAGE	HORMEL	All edible No waste—Get a supply	15 Oz. Tins	37c	\$1.05
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SAUERKRAUT	HACIENDA	Long shreds full flavored	No. 2 1/2 Tins	13c	37c
Sliced BEETS	HACIENDA	Tender ruby red slices	No. 2 Tins	13c	37c
Irish POTATOES	HACIENDA	New potatoes any season of the year	No. 2 Tins	12c	34c
Garden PEAS	HACIENDA	Serve with new potatoes Enjoy a springtime treat	No. 2 Tins	17c	47c
Fancy CORN	HACIENDA	Your choice of creamy white or golden kernels	No. 2 Tins	13c	37c
PEAS	FANDANGO	Full flavored Priced low	No. 2 Tins	13c	35c
DOG FOOD	CALO	His master's choice	No. 1 Tins	9c	23c
TOMATOES	FANDANGO	Packed with puree	No. 2 1/2 Tins	9c	25c
OYSTERS	WILLAPPOINT	Jumbo size Excellent for fries	No. 1 Tall Tins	24c	69c
SOONITE		Hands or household cleaning done instantly		5c	14c
PLUMS	CENTRAL	De luxe purple variety	No. 2 1/2 Tins	10c	29c

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